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SCENES FROM THE RUDENS OF PLAUTUS, with a Translation

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Scenes

FROM THE

Rudens of Plautus

translated by members of the Classical Society of the University of Manchester

ARRANGED FOR ACTING AND EDITED BY

R. S. CONWAY, Litt.D.

Professor of Latin in the University; formerly Fellow of Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge.

SECOND EDITION

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NOTE.

This selection of the chief scenes in one of the more romantic comedies of Plautus has been made for a performance by the Classical Society of the University of Manchester, and is published in the hope that other bodies of Latin students, including the higher forms of schools, may make use of it in the same way. The play is called *Rudens*, or 'The Rope,' from the action of the Second Scene of Act iv. The free translation given on the left-hand pages will enable even those whose knowledge of Latin is limited to follow the scenes with interest. If the venture helps in any degree to remind students (and others) that Latin is something more than a "dead language," an entertaining exercise will have served a timely purpose.

The text is that of Prof. Sonnenschein's smaller edition with a very few changes necessary for acting purposes. I have carried out his suggestion (p. 163) of marking with ′ and ‵ respectively the metrical ictus in the alternate feet of dipodies, so that the scansion of every line may be clear.[1] In the lyrical metres some of the scansion is, of

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course, conjectural; but I have tried to make it complete enough to be of service to teachers. And some of these scenes might be found useful as a change from ordinary school reading even in a V. Form.

The translation has been made by those members of the Committee of the Society who are taking no part in the performance, namely, Miss Norah Hanna, Miss Mima Nicholson, Miss Winifred Stocks, my colleagues, Mr. W. B. Anderson, M.A., Mr. G. Norwood, B.A., and Mr. W. J. Goodrich, M.A., and myself.

The initials of each translator are appended to his or her section.

I have to thank my friend, Professor Charles Exon of Galway, for very valuable advice which has guided me on difficult points in the metre, but I am alone responsible for the result.

R. S. CONWAY.

THE UNIVERSITY, MANCHESTER,
March, 1906.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Plesidippus, adulescens
Daemones, senex
Palaestra, uirgo
Ampelisca, ancilla
Ptolemocratia, sacerdos
Trachalio, Plesidippi seruus
Sceparnio } Daemonis serui
Gripus }
Sparax
Labrax, leno
Charmides, lenonis amicus

[redacted]

PLOT.

The hero Plesidippus, a wealthy young Athenian, staying in Cyrene, is in love with Palaestra, whom when the play opens he has just redeemed from the slave-dealer Labrax, and arranged to take over from him at the temple of Venus, a few miles outside the town. But Labrax plays him false, and steals away with Palaestra, her maid and the earnest-money he has received for them, on board a ship sailing for Sicily. A storm wrecks the ship on the coast the same night, but the passengers escape, to land at different points not far from the temple.

After the recognition-scene, which is the last included in this selection, Labrax is condemned to lose Palaestra without compensation; Plesidippus and Palaestra, Trachalio and Ampelisca are happily married, and Trachalio and Gripus both receive their freedom.

Dress. The characters are all Greek and wear regular Greek attire. Plesidippus, Daemones, Labrax, and Charmides all wear sandals, a tunic, and a pallium over it; Plesidippus' dress is handsome, of bright colours; the others of varying degrees of shabbiness. The slaves wear plain, sleeveless tunics of dull colours. The women characters wear a white or yellow chiton, with coloured border; the Priestess wearing also an himation, in the fashion of a shawl, about her head and shoulder.

Scene. The sea-coast of Africa, near the Greek colony of Cyrene. A steep rock runs out upon the beach; on the left, behind, is a small temple of Venus with an altar in front; on the right, but out of sight, the house of Daemones, an Athenian, who has settled there.

Time. The IV. century B.C. A spring morning after a stormy night.

Author. The play was written by T. Maccius Plautus, the greatest Roman dramatist, about the beginning of the II. century B.C. The prologue tells us that it was based upon a Greek play of the Athenian Diphilus (two centuries earlier).

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And all alone. Poor wretches! what distress!
Good! Splendid! Towards the shore a wave has turned them
Off from that rock! No pilot could do better.
I think I never saw such towering billows.
If only they can weather that great wave,
The two are safe. Now, now it comes. One's lost,
Washed overboard!—but in a shallow place:
She'll swim to land with ease. Hurrah! she's risen!
She comes this way! She's safe! And now her friend
Has leapt to shore out from the boat,—but no,
She's down, her trembling knees have sunk in the waves!
She's out! She's saved! She's on the shore at last,
But tow'rd the right she's turned,—to ruin, sure;
Sadly astray she'll be.

Da. What's that to you?

Sc. If down upon that rock for which she's making
She chance to fall, her straying days are over.

Da. If you're to dine at their expense, my man,
You may look after them; if at my house,
I think you'd better attend to me instead.

Sc. That's sound enough.

Da. Then follow me.

Sc. Aye, aye.

W. B. A.

[*Exeunt.*]

Vt ádflictàntur míserae! euge, eùge, pérbenè,
Ab sáxo auòrtit flúctus àd litús scaphàm.
Nequé gubernàtor úmquam pòtuit tám benè.
Non uídisse ùndas mé maiòres cénseò.
Saluaé sunt, si illos flúctus dèuitáuerìnt.
Nunc núnc perìclumst: únda eiècit álteràm.
At ín uadòst: iam fácile enàbit. eúgepàe!
Surréxit, hòrsum sé capèssit; sálua rès!
Desíluit haèc autem áltera ìn terram é scaphà.
Vt praé timòre in génua in ùndas cóncidìt!
Saluást! euàsit éx aquà: iam in lítorèst.
Sed déxtrouòrsum auórsa it ìn malám crucèm.
Hem, errábit illaec hódie. **Da.** Quìd ĭd refért tuà?
Sc. Si ad sáxum, qùo capéssit, èa deorsúm cadìt,
Errátiònis fécerìt compéndiùm.
Da. Si tú de illàrum cénatùrus uésperì's,
Illìs curàndum cénseò, Scepárniò:
Si apúd me essùrus és, mĭhĭ dări operám uolò.
Sc. Bonum aéquomque òras. **Da.** Séquere me hàc ergó. **Sc.** Sequòr.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scena II.

Note.—In the lyrics that follow the metres vary. 185-189*a* are perhaps Bacchiac, the regular foot being ⏑ ⏓ – (sometimes ⏑ ⏓ ⏑ – or ⏑ ⏓ ⏑ ⏑), varied by the *Ionicus a minore* ⏑ ⏑ ⏓ –. The next three seem to be Anapaestic, with – ⏓ ⏑, – ⏓, and ⏑ ⏑ ⏓; occasionally an extra syllable at the end (189*c*). So are 220—228. In 199*a*—203 and 229*a*—253*a* the metre is Cretic (regular foot ⏓ ⏓ (201*a*), sometimes ⏓ – ⏓, – ⏑ ⏓ ⏑ and ⏓ ⏑ ⏑ ⏓) varied by

Palaestra (Desire).

[*Enter Palaestra from the* (*shore*) *right.*]

Pl. Men may talk of human woes, but there's nobody
who knows, how bitter sorrow is till it's their
own;
For the great god of the sea has made a castaway of me,
shiv'ring helpless in a strange land all alone.
Oh, why should heaven create any soul for such a fate
as of hunger, cold and terror here to die?
Or is this the best reward that the jealous gods afford
for one who's lived so faithfully as I?
'Twas my cruel master's deed that brought me to this
need, when he carried me away and broke his
oath;
But his ship and cargo, too, are sunk beneath the blue,
and one poor slave is all that's left of both!
Even my own companion true
That cruel ship has drowned!
Ah, how much less had I to rue
If Blossom were safe and sound!

Ampelisca (Blossom), Palaestra (Desire) *(on two sides of a rocky promontory).*

Amp. Oh, what can I do, what hope can I pursue but
to end this miserable life?
I can hardly draw a breath, for of woes as big as death
a multitude within my heart is rife.
My life is nothing worth, I have nothing left on earth,
I have lost the only friend that made it sweet;

anapaests (200*b*, 201*b*), and iambs (231*a*, 232*a*). The description of 229*b*, 232*b* and 253*b*,*c* is uncertain. 254 is an Iambic of 6 feet, 255 of 8 feet. 256-7 are Trochaic, *cf. ll.* 559*ff.*

Palaestra.

Nimio hóminum fortúnae minus míserae memorántur 185
Quam in úsu experiúndo is datúr acerbitátum.
Satin hóc deo conplácitumst me hoc órnatu ornátam
In incértas regiónes timidam ésse hic eiéctam.
Hancíne ego ad rem nátam miserám me memorábo? 189a
Hancíne ego pártem cápi-
o ob píetatém praecípu|àm? 189c
Sed eríle scélus me sóllicitāt, eiús med ínpietás male habét: 198
Ís nauem átque ómniá pérdidít ín marí.
Haéc bonórum éius súnt réliquiaé.
Etiám quaé simúl
Vécta mécum ín scaphást, éxcidít: 201a
Ego núnc sóla súm.
Quaé mihí sí forét sálua sáltém labór
Léniōr ésset híc mi éius ópe|ra.

Ampelisca.

Am. Quid míhi meliùst, quid mágis in rèmst, quam a córpore uìtam ut sécludàm? 220
Ita mále uiuo àtque ita míhi multae ìn pectóre sunt cùrae exánimalès:
Ita rés se habènt: uitae haú parcò: perdídi spem quà me obléctabàm.
Omnía iam cìrcumcúrsaui àtque omníbus latebrìs perréptauì

It's a weary, hopeless task, for there's no one here to
ask, who could tell if she had even come to land.
But with heart and ears and eyes and the pitifullest cries
I am searching all along this desert strand.
Oh, there never was a more inhospitable shore than this
prospect and the region all around!
But if Desire yet lives every moment fortune gives I
will spend in looking for her till she's found.

Pal. *(On the other side of the rocks.)* Oh, what cry
is that I hear?
Foolish heart, you're dreaming.

Amp. Someone's speaking! Who is near?

Pal. Oh, sweet hope, defying fear,
Make but good your seeming!

Amp. Whoe'er you be, O pity me!

Pal. Surely 'tis a woman's voice!

Amp. Hearken ear, and heart rejoice!

Pal. Is that Blossom somewhere nigh?

Amp. Hark! Is that Desire's cry?

Pal. I must call her loud and clear,
Blossom, Blossom, are you here?

Amp. Mercy, who's that?

Pal. 'Tis I, your friend.

Amp. Oh where, where are you?

Pal. At the end,
Almost of hope! **Amp.** Why, so am I,
But longing to see you; come quick, climb high!

Pal. I'm just as eager.

Amp. Oh run and climb fast,
Where are you, where are you?

Pal. You see me at last.
Come nearer, come closer! **Amp.** I'm doing my best.

Pal. Stretch your hand. **Amp.** There, you have it.

Pal. At last we are blest.

Quaerére consèruam uóce, oculìs, aurìbus, ut pèruestí-
garèm.
Neque eam úsquam inuènio néque quo eàm neque quá
quaeràm consúl|tùmst·,
Neque quém rogitèm respónsorèm quemquam íntereà
conuéni|ò.
Neque mágis solaè terraé solaè sunt quam haéc sunt lòca
ătque hae régionès.
Neque sí uiuìt eam uíua umquàm quin ínueniàm
desíst|àm. 228

Pa. Quoíanám uóx mihí 229a
Prope híc sonàt? pertímui
Am. Quis híc loquitúr propé?
Pa. Spés bona, ópsecró,
Súbuentá mihí.
Am. Éx hoc éximés 232a
Mé miserám metú?
Pa. Cérto uóx múliebrís aúris tétigít meás.
Am. Múlier ést: múliebrís uóx mi ad aúrís uenít.
Pa. Num Ámpelísca ópsecróst? **Am.** Tén, Palaéstra,
aúdió?
Pa. Quín uoco, út me aúdiát, nómine íllám suó?
Ámpelísca. **Am.** Hém, quis ést? **Pa.** Égo, Palaéstra.
Am. Ópsecró,
Díc ubí's. **Pa.** Pól ego núnc ín malís plúrumís.
Am. Sócia súm néc minór pàrs meást quám tuá.
Séd uidére éxpetó té. **Pa.** Mihí's aémulá.
Am. Cónsequámúr gradú uócem: ubí's? **Pa.** Écce mé:
Áccede ád me átque adí cóntra. **Am.** Fít séduló.
Pa. Cédo manum. **Am.** Em, áccipé. **Pa.** Díc uiuísne,
ópsecró.

Amp. Yes, Desire, mistress dear,
I am safe, if you are here.
Have I found you safe and free,
Saved from all that dreadful sea?
I can scarce believe it's past!
Clasp me, kiss me, hold me fast.
Pal. Oh gladly I'd answer your love and your lay,
But now we must hasten, away, away.
Amp. Whither, pray;
Dear mistress say?
Pal. Suppose along the coast we try?
Amp. Be leader you, and follower I.
But how can we tramp with our dresses so damp?
Pal. What cannot be cured must e'en be endured.
Amp. But, mistress, look yonder; what building is there?
Pal. Where, oh where?
Amp. Away to the right; 'tis a temple fair.
Pal. Praise Heaven! That temple is a welcome feature
In this strange land: it must hold some kind creature.
Whatever god there be in yonder shrine,
Oh may he heal our woes by help divine!

R. S. C.

(Enter Ptolemocratia from the temple.)

Ptol. Ho there! Who comes our lady's grace to seek?
The voice of suppliants heard hath drawn me forth:

Am. Tú facís mé quidem út núnc uelím uíueré
Quóm mihí té licét tángere: út uíx mihí
Crédo ego hóc, té tenére! ópsecro, ámplécteré,
Spés mea: út me ómniúm iám labórúm leuás!
Pa. Óccupás praéloquí, quaé mea órátiót.
Núnc abíre híne decét nós. **Am.** Quo amábo íbimús?
Pa. Lítus hóc pérsequámúr. **Am.** Sequór quó lubét.
Sícine híc cum úuidá uéste grássábimúr?
Pa. Hóc quod ést íd necéssáriúmst pérpetí.
Am. Séd quid hóc ópsecróst? uíden, amábó?
Pa. Quid ést? 253a
Am. Fanúm uidés|ne hòc?
Pa. Vbíst? **Am.** Ad déxteràm.
Videó decòrum dís locùm uidérièr.
Pa. Haud lónge abèsse opórtet hòmines híne: ita hìc lepidúst locùs.
Quísquis èst deus, uéneror út nos éx hac aèrumna éximàt,
Míseras, ìnopes, aérumnòsas út aliquo aùxilio ádiuuèt. 257

SCENA III.

NOTE.—258-263, Bacchiac (see p. 11). 264, Cretic (see p. 11). 265, Iambic. 266-277, Cretic. 278-282, Bacchiac. 283-285*b*, Iambic. 286, Bacchiac. 287, Iambic. 288, Bacchiac. 289, Four trochees.

Ptolemocratia et Eaedem.

Pt. Qui súnt, qui a patróna precés mea expetéssunt? 258
Nam uóx me precántum huc forás excitáuit.
Bonam átque opsequéntem deam átque haud grauátam
Patrónam exsequóntur benígnamque múltum.

Pal. Well met, fair mother. **Ptol.** Welcome too, fair maids.
But whence, pray, are you come in evil plight,
With garments soaked and faces so forlorn?
Pal. Straight from the beach here. But the country's far
Whence we first started. **Ptol.** Thro' the sea-blue ways
Mounting some trim-built courser did you ride?
Pal. Just so. **Ptol.** Then 'twere more meet you should approach
This shrine with victims due and raiment fair.
Not in such plight as yours do men draw nigh.
Pal. Victims from us! And we from shipwreck come!
Whence would you have us bring our victims here?
May we but clasp your knees, implore your aid!
For we are hopeless in an unknown land.
Receive, protect and cherish us we pray;
Take pity on our loneliness. No home,
No hope is ours; nor anything whatever
Save what you see. **Ptol.** Give me your hands. Arise.
There's never woman born more pitiful
Than I am. Still you'll find but slender cheer
In my poor lodging. Ev'n I find it hard
To keep alive and serve my mistress Venus
At my own charges.
Pal. What, is this the shrine
Of Venus? **Ptol.** Yes, and I am called her priestess.
So far as in me lies, you shall receive
All kindness at my hands. Come, follow me.
Pal. Ah, gladly will we go; for you are kind
And gentle towards us, mother. **Ptol.** So 'tis meet.

W. S.

Pa. Iubémus te sáluere, máter. **Pt.** Saluéte,
Puéllae. sed únde 263
Íre uós cum úuidá uéste dícam, ópsecró,
Tam maéstitèr uestí|tas?
Pa. Ilico hínc ímus haúd lóngule éx hóc locó: 266
Vérum lónge hínc abést, únde aduéctae húc sumús.
Pt. Némpe equó lígneó pér uiás caérulás
Éstis uéctae? **Pa.** Ádmodum. **Pt.** Érgo aéquiús uós
erát
Cándidátás ueníre hóstiátásque: ad hóc
Fánum ad ístúnc modúm nón uénirí solét.
Pa. Quaéne eiéctae é marí símus ámbae, ópsecró?
Vnde nós hóstiás húc uoluísti ádigeré?
Núnc tibi ámpléctimúr génua egéntés opúm,
Quae ín locís nésciís nésciá spé sumús,
Vt tuó récipiás técto séruésque nós,
Míseriárúmque te ámbárum utí mísereát, 277
Quibús nec locúst ullus néc spes paráta,
Neque hóc quod uidés ampliús nobis quícquamst.
Pt. Manús mihi date, éxsurgite á genibus ámbae:
Miséricordiór nulla mést feminárum.
Sed haéc pauperés res sunt ínopes, puéllae: 282
Egomét uix ultam síc colò: Venerí cibò meo séruiò.
Am. Venerís fanum, òpsecro, hóc | est?
Pt. Fateór: ego hùius fá|ni
Sacérdos clúe|o.
Verúm quidquid ést comitér fiet á me, 286
Quod cópiā ualé|bit.
Ite hác mecum. **Pa.** Amíce benígneque honórem,
Máter, nòstrum habés. **Pt.** Opòrtet.
[*Exeunt omnes.*]

Ampelisca Trachalio.

[*Enter Ampelisca from the temple*]

Am. I understand. I am to seek the house
Which stands near Venus' shrine, knock at the door
And ask for water there. **Tr.** What voice is that?

Am. Who spoke then? Gracious Heaven, who's that
I see?

Tr. Is it Ampelisca coming from the shrine?

Am. Is this Trachalio, Plesidippus' servant?

Tr. 'Tis she indeed!

Am. Well met!

Tr. Well met, fair Ampelisca. How are you?

Am. I pass the age of happiness, good friend,
And nothing happy comes my way.

Tr. Oh, hush!
Speak not ill words; who knows what they may bring?

Am. All men, if they were wise, would speak what's
true.
But tell me sir, do tell me, where's your master?

Tr. A pretty question that! In there, of course

Actus II. Scena I.

(331—362, 386—396, 402—4.)

Note.—This scene is in the "laughing metre," long Iambic lines of 7½ feet. The same kinds of feet are used as in the 6-foot Iambic (p. 9). Hiatus is allowed at the end of the 4th foot.

Ampelisca. Trachalio

Am. Intéllego: hànc quae próxumàst me uíllam Vèneris fá|no
Pulsáre iùssisti átque aquàm rogáre. **Tr.** Quòia ad aú|ris
Vox mi áduolàuit? **Am.** Ópsecrò, quis hic lóquitùr? quem ego uídeo?
Tr. Estne Ámpelìsca haec, quaé foràs e fáno egrèditur? **Am.** Ést|ne hic
Tracháliò, quem cónspicòr, calátor Plèsidíp|pi?
Tr. Eást. **Am.** Is èst: Tracháliò, salué. **Tr.** Salue, Ampelís|ca:
Quid tú agis? **Am.** Aètatem haúd malàm male. **Tr.** Mélius òminá|re.
Am. Verum ómnis sàpientís decèt conférre et fàbulá|ri.
Sed Plésidìppus túos erùs ubi amábost? **Tr.** Hèia ué|ro,
Quasi nón sit ìntus. **Am.** Néque pol èst neque húc quidem ùllus ué|nit.

Tr. What? Do you mean to say he has not come?
Am. Now you speak truth.
Tr. 'Tis not my habit then!
But to the point—how soon will lunch be served?
Am. Lunch? Gracious me, what lunch?
Tr. Why, my dear maid,
Are you not holding sacrifice to-day?
Am. This nonsense ill becomes a friend of mine.
Tr. 'Tis true—I am not babbling nor in jest,—
Your master, Labrax, summoned mine to lunch.
Am. And if he did? Aren't men and even gods
Sometimes deceived? A slave-dealer, we know,
Holds not the rules of ordinary men.
Tr. Then you're not sacrificing, nor my master?
Am. Now you've guessed right.
Tr. Then what do you do here?
Am. Palaestra and myself have been hard pressed—
Perils and miseries on every side,
With little hope of help from gods or men.
From all this plight the priestess sheltered us;
So here we are. **Tr.** What is this news, my dear?
Palaestra here, my master's love? **Am.** E'en so.
Tr. Oh, excellent good hearing! Yet just now
Those pretty lips murmured of perils too:
Come tell me all the tale; I long to hear it.
Am. Our ship was wrecked in last night's storm, Trachalio.
Tr. Your ship? What ship? Your story opens strangely.
Am. Have you not heard, my dear Trachalio,
The slave-dealer's design to bear us off
With all we had, and sail for Sicily?
But that's all lost now, twenty fathoms deep.
Tr. Well done, great Neptune! You're a wit. This throw
Has made you prince of dicers! 'Tis a cast

Tr. Non uénit? **Am.** Vèra praédicàs. **Tr.** Non èst meum, Ampelís|ca.

Sed quám mox còctumst prándiùm? **Am.** Quod prándium, òpsecró | te?

Tr. Nĕmpe rém diuìnam fácitis hìc? **Am.** Quid sómniàs, amá|bo?

Tr. Certe húc Labràx ad prándiùm uocáuit Plèsidíp- | pum.

Erúm meum èrus uostér. **Am.** Pol haùd miránda fàcta díc|is:

Si déos decèpit ét hominès, lenónum mòre fé|cit.

Tr. Non rém diuìnam fácitis hìc uos néque erus? **Am.** Hàriolá|re.

Tr. Quid tu ágis hic ìgitur? **Am.** Éx malìs multís metùque súm|mo

Capitálique èx perículo òrbas aúxilìque opúm|que huc

Recépit àd se Véneria haèc sacérdŏs me èt Palaés|tram.

Tr. An híc Palaèstrast, ópsecrò, erí mei amìca? **Am.** Cér|to.

Tr. Inést lepòs in núntiò tuo mágnus, mea Àmpelís|ca.

Sed istúc perìclum pérlubèt quod fúerit uòbis scí|re.

Am. Confráctast, mì Tracháliò, hac nócte nàuis nó|bis.

Tr. Quid, náuis? quae ìstaec fábulàst? **Am.** Non aúdiuìsti, amá|bo,

Quo pácto lèno clánculùm nos hínc aufèrre uólu|it

In Síciliam èt quidquíd domì fuit ín nauem ìnposí|uit?

Ea núnc perièrunt ómnia. **Tr.** Ò, Neptúne lépide, sál|ue:

Nec te áleàtor núllus èst sapiéntiòr proféc|to.

Nimis lépide iècistí bolùm: periúrum pèrdidís|ti.

Sed núnc ubìst lenó Labràx? **Am.** Periít potàndo, opí|nor:

He drank last night with Neptune, and drank deep!
Tr. Well, take me to your mistress.
Am. Come to the temple,
And there you'll find her weeping bitter tears.
Tr. Oh, but that's grievous tidings. What's her trouble?
Am. I'll tell you; this is what torments her soul:
That cruel monster took away a casket
Wherein were tokens, which she cherished dearly.
They were the only clue to find her parents;
And now they're lost, she fears.
Tr. Where was this casket?
Am. There in the ship. Our master kept it hid,
Locked up inside his trunk, lest she should find
Her parents and be saved.
Tr. Oh, shameful crime,
To keep in slavery a maid freeborn!
Am. But now it seems her master and the casket
And all his wealth have gone down with the ship.
Tr. A cheerful heart is the best sauce for trouble;
So I'll go in, if you will give me leave,
And do my best these shadows to dispel.
Am. With all my heart! Meanwhile 'twere best for me
To do the priestess' bidding, so, good-bye.

M. N.

Labrax, Charmides,

(in wet clothes.)

La. Woe's me! There's not a sadder soul alive!
Ch. I'm a long, long way sadder man than you.

Neptúnus màgnis póculìs hac nócte eum ìnuitá|uit.

Sed dúce me ad ìllam, ubíst. **Am.** I sàne in Véneris fànum huc ín|tro:

Sedéntem flèntemque ópprimès. **Tr.** Vt iam ístuc mìhi molés|tumst!

Sed quíd flet? **Am.** Ègo dicám tibì: hoc sése excrùciat áni|mi,

Quia léno adèmit cístulam eì, quam habébat ùbique habé|bat

Qui suós parèntis nóscerè possét: eàm ueré|tur

Ne périerìt. **Tr.** Vbinam éa fuìt cistéllula? **Am.** Ìbidem in ná|ui:

Conclúsit ìpse in uídulùm, ne cópia èsset é|i

Qui suós parèntis nóscerèt. **Tr.** O fácinus ìnpudí|cum.

Quam líberam èsse opórteàt, seruíre pòstuláre.

Am. Nunc éum cum nàui scílicèt abísse pèssum in ál|tum.

Et aúrum et argentúm fuìt lenónis òmne ibí|dem.

Tr. Ergo ánimus aèquos óptumùmst aerúmnae còndimén|tum

Ego eo íntro, nìsi quid uís. **Am.** Eàs: ego quód mihi imperá|uit

Sacérdos ìd faciam átque aquam hìnc de próxumò rogá|bo.

SCENA II.

Ll. 520-550.—The metre is the iambic of six feet.

Labrax. Charmides.

La. Eheú, quis uìuit mé mortàlis míseriòr?

Ch. Ego múlto tànto míseriòr quam tú, Labràx.

La. Qui? **Ch.** Quía ego indìgnus súm, tu dìgnus quí siès.

La. Oh bulrush, bulrush, how I envy you;
The water leaves you gloriously dry.
Ch. Well, I'm in training for a skirmisher;
All my wo-words dart out li-li-like arrows.
La. Oh, Neptune, you're a chilly, chilly bathman!
I've got out, clothes and all; but oh, it's c-cold.
He does not even keep a cooking-stove;
His warmest cheer is pure salt water, iced.
Ch. How lucky are the smiths who sit all day
Among hot coals, to keep them snug and warm.
La. Oh, if I had the luck to be a duck,
To come straight out of water and still be dry!
Ch. How would it suit me, think you, now to earn
My living as hobgoblin at the games?
La. Why so?
Ch. Because my teeth chatter aloud.
Well, I'm a goose who gave himself away
Just to be stuffed and sauced as he deserved.
La. When did you do that?
Ch. When I joined your ship;
It was your crimes that stirred the depths against us.
La. I listened to advice you gave yourself.
You promised me that I could sweep together
Riches, like so much mud, in Sicily.
Ch. Did you then hope, you grimy beast, that folk
Would let you swallow Sicily at a gulp?
La. Show me the whale that swallowed up my trunk,
With all my gold and silver packed inside.
Ch. The same one, I've no doubt, which made a meal
Of my fat purse, inside my travelling-bag.
La. There's only left me now this one mean coat,
And one poor shabby cloak; oh, woe is me!
I may as well give up the ghost at once.
Ch. Don't weep, fool. While that tongue of yours survives
You'll never lack the means to pay your way.

La. O scírpe, scìrpe, laúdo fòrtunás tuás,
Qui sémper sèruas glóriam àritúdinìs.
Ch. Equidém me ad uèlitátiònem exérceò:
Nam omnía corùsca praé tremòre fábulòr.
La. Edepól, Neptùne, es bálineàtor frígidùs:
Cum uéstimèntis póstquam abs te àbii, al-álgeò.
Ne thérmipòliúm quidem ùllum in-ínstruìt:
Ita sálsam praèhibet pótiònem et frígidàm.
Ch. Vt fórtunàti súnt fabrì ferrárìi,
Qui apúd carbònes ádsidènt: sempér calènt.
La. Vtinám fortùna núnc anetìna ut-úterèr,
Vt, quom éxissem èx aqu-áqu-aqua, ar-àrerém tamèn.
Ch. Quid si áliquo ad lùdos mé pro mànducó locèm?
La. Quaprópter? **Ch.** Quìa pol cláre crèpito déntibùs.
Iure óptumò me el-él-elàuisse árbitròr.
La. Qui? **Ch.** Quí-quia audèrem técum in nàuem ascénderè,
Qui a fúndamènto mi úsque mòuistí marè.
La. Tibi aúscultàui: tú promìttebás mihì
Ibi mé conrùere pósse aièbas dítiàs.
Ch. Iam póstulàbas te ínpuràta béluà,
Totám Sicìliam déuoràturum ínsulàm.
La. Quaenám ballaèna meúm uoràuit uídulùm,
Aurum átque argèntum ubi ómne còmpactúm fuìt?
Ch. Eadem ílla crèdo quaé meùm marsúppiúm,
Quod plénum argènti fúit in sàccipériò.
La. Eheú, redàctus sum úsque ad ùnam hanc túniculàm
Et ad hóc misèllum pálliùm: perii óppidò.
Ch. Quid, stúlte, plòras? tíbi quidem èdepol cópiàst,
Dum língua uìuet, quí rem sòluas ómnibùs.

[*Enter Sceparnio from the temple.*]

Sceparnio. Labrax. Charmides.

Sc. Heaven help us, what's the matter? In the temple here I've found
Two poor things in floods of weeping, clasping Venus' statue round.
Someone's coming they're afraid of. Only yesternight, they say,
They were all at sea and shipwrecked, now they're cast ashore to-day.

La. Would you kindly, sir, inform me where these women-kind might be?

Sc. In the shrine hard by.

La. How many?

Sc. Just a match for you and me.

La. Why, they're mine!

Sc. Why, *I* don't know it.

La. Pretty or ugly?

Sc. Not so very:
I could fall in love with either, of an evening, when I'm merry.

La. Tolerably young then, are they?

Sc. Tolerable bore, aren't you?
Go and see them, if you want to; I've got something else to do. [*Exit Sceparnio.*]

La. Charmides, that's luck! I'm certain they are just the very two.

Ch. *(Aside)* Plague befall you, if they are then; if not, plague befall your bones!

La. Well, I'll make my way to Venus.

Ch. Better it were Davy Jones!

R. S. C.

[In the next scene, which is omitted, Labrax goes into the temple, and tries to seize Palaestra and Ampelisca, who cry for help. Trachalio comes by, and

Ll. 557-570.—The metre is the Trochaic of 7½ feet, the line ending with a single stressed syllable, generally long, instead of a full Trochee (´ ˘). Besides the Trochee, the Tribrach ´ ˘ ˘, and in certain feet the Spondee ´ – (also the Anapaest ´ ˘ –) and more rarely the Dactyl ´ ˘ ˘ appear.

Sceparnio

Sc. Quíd ílluc òpsecró negòtist, quód duaè muliérculaè
Híc in fàno Vénerĭs sìgnum fléntes àmplexaé tenènt
Néscioquèm metuéntes mìserae? nócte hac àiunt próxumà
Sé iactàtas, átque eièctas hódie esse àiunt é marì.

La. Ópsecro hèrcle, aduléscens, ùbi ĭstaec súnt quas mèmoras múlierès?

Sc. Híc in fàno Vénerĭs. **La.** Quòt sunt. **Sc.** Tótidem quòt ego et tú sumùs.

La. Némp(e) meàe? **Sc.** Nemp(e) néscio ìstuc. **La.** Quá sunt fàcie? **Sc.** Scítulà:
Vél ego amàre utrámuis pòssum, sí probe àdpotús sièm.

La. Némp(e) puèllae? **Sc.** Némp(e) molèstus és: i uìse, sí lubèt.

La. Méăs opòrtet íntus èsse hĭc múlierès, mi Chármidès.

Ch. Iúppitèr te pérdat, èt si súnt et sì non súnt tamèn

La. Íntro rùmpam iam húc in Vèneris fánum. **Ch.** In bàrathrum máuelìm.

[*Exit Labrax.*]

Daemones, Labrax, Sceparnio and Sparax

(the slaves with whips).

Da. Now, sir, you take your choice: will you be quiet
After you've had a thrashing, or at once?
La. What *you* say, greybeard, moves me not a straw.
These girls are mine, and from the very altar
By the hair I'll drag 'em, in despite of you
And Venus and the Thunderer himself.
Da. Lay but a finger on them!
La. So I will!
Da. *(To the slaves with whips)* Hullo, you! Just step here.
La. No, my good sir;
Please tell them, both of them, to go away.
Da. They're coming at you, straight.
La. Oh no, no, please!
Da. What if they come still closer?
La. Then I'm off.
But, you old scoundrel, if we ever meet
In the city after this, I'll make of you
The veriest laughing-stock. You'll writhe again!
I swear it by my savoury reputation!
Da. You may do all you threaten. In the meantime
Remember, if you once molest these ladies
You will be sorry for it.
La. How sorry, pray?

Actus III. Scena I.

Ll. 780-839, 851-886, 878-882.—The Metre is the Iambic of 6 feet; cf. p. 9.

Daemones Labrax Palaestra Ampelisca Sceparnio Sparax

Da. Vtrúm tu lèno cúm malò lubéntiùs
Quiéscis àn sic síne malò, si cópiàst?
La. Ego quaé tu lòquere flócci nòn fació, senèx.
Meas quídĕm ted ìnuito ét Venere èt summó Iouè
De ará capìllo iám derìpiam. **Da.** Tángedùm.
La. Tangam hércle uèro. **Da.** Ágedum ergo, àccede húc modó.
La. Iubedúm recèdere ístos àmbo illúc modò.
Da. Immo ád te accèdent. **La.** Nón hercle èquidem cénseò.
Da. Quid agés, si accèdent própius? **La.** Ègo recésserò.
Verúm, senèx, si te úmquam in ùrbe offénderò,
Numquam hércle quìsquam mé lenònem díxerìt,
Si té non lùdos péssumòs dimíserò.
Da. Facito ístuc quòd minitáre. sèd nunc ínterìm
Si illás attìgeris, dábitur tìbi magnúm malùm.
La. Quam mágnum uèro? **Da.** Quántum lènoní sat èst.
La. Minácias ego flócci nòn faciám tuàs:

In spite of you I'll hale them with me straight.
Da. Just touch them!
La. Yes, by Hercules, I will!
Da. You will? Then take the consequences. Here!
Sceparnio, run to the house. Come, nimbly now;
Fetch me a pair of clubs *instanter*.
Tu. Clubs?
Da. Yes, clubs; and mind they're big ones. Just be quick. [*Exit Sceparnio.*]
(To Labrax) I'll give you the warm welcome you deserve.
La. Woe's me! I lost my helmet in the wreck.
'Twould come in handy if I had it now.
Mayn't I just speak to them?
Da. No, not a word.
Ah, excellent! Our clubsman has returned.
[*Enter Sceparnio.*]
La. The very sight of these makes my ears tingle.
Da. See, Sparax, there's a club for you. Stand there.
And you stand yonder. There you are. Now listen.
If that man lays a hand upon the ladies
Without their sufferance, see he suffers for it.
Trounce him till he forgets the very road
To his own house. Do 't, as you love your lives.
If he addresses either, answer for her.
Should he attempt escape, then on the instant
See that your cudgels kiss the rascal's legs.
La. Why, won't they even let me go away?
Da. That topic's closed. And when Trachalio comes
Bringing his master, whom he's gone to fetch,
Come home at once. Watch well, make no mistake.
[*Exit Daemones.*]
La. Alack! In these parts temples change their gods.
Just now 'twas Venus, now it's Hercules
Who owns the place; at least this greybeard fellow
Has left two statues of him, clubs and all.
Now where on earth shall I run to? Where escape?

Equidem hás te inulto iam ámbas ràpiam. **Da.** Tángedùm.

La. Tangam hércle uèro. **Da.** Tánges? àt scin quó modò?

Idúm, Scepàrnio, cúrriculo, àdfer húc domò

Duas cláuas. **Sc.** Clàuas? **Da.** Séd probàs: properá citò.

Ego te hódie fàxo récte accèptum, ut dígnus ès.

La. Ehəú, scelèstus gáleam in nàui pérdidì:

Nunc mi ópportùna hic ésset, sàlua sí forèt.

Licét saltem ìstas mi áppellàre? **Da.** Nón licèt.

Ehem, óptume èdepol éccum clàuator áduenìt.

La. Illúd quidem èdepol tínnimèntumst aúribùs.

Da. Age, áccipe illinc álteram clauám, Sparàx,

Age, álter ìstinc, álter hìnc adsístitè.

Adsístite àmbo síc. audìte núnciàm:

Si hercle íllic illas hódie dìgito tétigerìt

Inuítas, ni ìstunc ístis ìnuitássitìs

Vsque ádeo, dònec quá domum àbeat nésciàt,

Perístis àmbo. si áppellàbit quémpiàm,

Vos réspondètote ístinc ìstarúm uicèm.

Sin ípse abìtere hínc uolèt, quantúm potèst

Extémplo àmplectitóte crùra fústibùs.

La. Etiám me abìre hinc nón sinènt? **Da.** Dixí satìs.

Et úbi ille cùm ero séruos hùc aduénerìt,

Qui erum árcessìuit, ítote éxtempló domùm.

Curáte haec sùltis mágna diligéntià. [*Exit Daemones*]

La. Heu hércle, ne ìstic fána mùtantúr citò:

Iam hic Hérculì fit, Véneris fànum quód fulìt:

Ita dúo destìtuit sígna hic cùm clauís senèx.

Non hércle quo hìnc nunc géntium aùfugiám sciò:

Scep. *(beating him).* What do you mean?
La. Oh no, no, nothing.
(That's not my own Palaestra who replies.)
Come! Ampelisca.
Spar. *(beating him).* Mind! the reckoning's prompt.
La. It's not such bad advice these villains give.
But I say, you fellows; you, I mean; supposing
I came a little closer to your ladies,
Would it cause annoyance? **Sc.** Not the least—to us
La. But would it hurt *me?* **Sc.** Not if you beware.
La. Beware of what?
Sc. Of this stout ready reckoner.
La. Ah, let me go, I beg you.
Sc. Why, with pleasure.
(He starts to go, but they both threaten him with their clubs.)
La. You're very good; best thanks to both of you.
But no, I will not leave you. As you were!
What cursèd luck I'm having every way!
It is by siege that I must win the day. [*Enter Plesidippus*]
Pl. Where is that villain Labrax? Bring me to him.
La. Good morning.
Pl. Hang the morning! Take your choice.
I'm going to tie a halter round your neck.
Will you be dragged away, or merely hauled?
Choose while there's time.
La. I don't want either, thanks.
Pl. Trachalio, run off to the beach at once,
And find those men I brought to hale this wretch
To the hangman. Bid them hasten into town
To meet me; then post back and plant yourself
As sentry here. Meanwhile this miscreant
I'll drag before the magistrates, and sue him
With an ejectment action. Off you come!
La. Why, what have I done!
Pl. Done? Do you ask me that?

Ita núnc mi utrùmque saéuit, èt terra ét marè.
Palaéstra! **Sc.** Quìd uis? **La.** Ápage, còntrouórsiàst:
Haec quídem Palaèstra quaé respòndit nón meàst.
Heus, Ámpelìsca! **Sp.** Cáuĕ sis ìnfortúniò.
La. Vt pótis est, ìgnaui hómines sàtĭs recté monènt.
Sed uóbis dìco, heús uos, nùm moléstiaèst
Me adíre ad ìllas própius? **Sc.** Nìl—nobís quidèm.
La. Numquíd molèstum míhi erit? **Sc.** Nìl, si cáuerìs.
La. Quid èst quod càueam? **Sc.** Em, á crasso ìnfortúniò.
La. Quaeso hércle abìre ut líceat. **Sp.** Àbeas, sí uelìs.
La. Bene hércle fàctum: hábeo ùobis grátiàm.
Non cédam pòtius: íllic àstate flicò.
Edepól prouèni néquitèr multís modìs:
Certúmst hasce hòdie usque ópsidióne uíncerè.

Plesidippus Trachalio.

Pl. Duc me ád lenònem récta. ubi illic ést homò?
La. Salué. **Pl.** Salùtem níl morōr. opta ócius:
Rapí te optòrto cóllo màuis án trahì?
Vtrúmuis òpta, dúm licèt. **La.** Neutrúm uolò.
Pl. Abi sáne ad lìtus cúrriculò, Tracháliò,
Iube illós in ùrbem ire óbuiam àd portúm mihi,
Quos mécum dùxi, hunc qui ád carnùficem tráderènt:
Post húc redìto atque ágitato hìc custódiàm.
[*Exit Trachalio*]
Ego húnc scelèstum in iús rapiam èxulés dicà.
Age, ámbula ìn ius. **La.** Quid ego dèliquí? **Pl.** Rogàs?
Quin árrabònem a me áccepìsti ob múlierèm
Et eam hínc auèxti? **La.** Nón auèxi. **Pl.** Quór negàs?
La. Quia pól prouèxi: auéhere nòn quiuí misèr.

I said I'd wait on you at Venus' temple,
And here I am, consistency itself.
Pl. Tell that tale to the judge; we've had enough.
Now, my Palaestra, you and Ampelisca,
Stay here till I return.
Sc. Sir, I suggest
They go to our house till you come again.
Pl. They shall; you are most kind.
La. You're robbing me,
Thieves!
Sc. 'Thieves,' you say! Seize him and drag him off.
[*They lay hands on him roughly.*]
La. Palaestra, mercy!
Pl. Come on, gallows-bird!
[*Labrax is dragged off.*]
G. N.

Gripus *(carrying a traveller's basket-trunk in a net).*

Now praise be to my patron, lord Neptune prais'd be he,
Who dwells in fishy places in the salt, salt sea!
Home he's brought me from his quarters
With my boat all safe and sound;
And upon the stormy waters
Such a treasure I have found;
The richest, rarest haul it is that e'er he sent to me!
Hurrah! I've found a way,
Who had but little ease,
To be as lazy as I please
And keep a holiday.
From the sea did I win it,
Whatever is in it.

Equidém tibì me díxeràm praestó forè
Apud Véneris fànum: númquid mùto? súmne ibì?
Pl. In iúre caùsam dícito: hìc uerbúm sat èst.
Pl. Tu méa Palaèstra et Ámpelisca, ibidem flicò
Manéte, dùm ego huc rédeo. **Sc.** Èquidem suádeò
Vt ád nos àbeant pótius, dùm recipís. **Pl.** Placèt:
Bene fácitis. **La.** Fùres mi éstis. **Sc.** Quid? 'furés'? rape.
La. Oro, ópsecrò, Palaéstra. **Pl.** Sèquere, cárnufèx.

Actus IV. Scena I.

Note.—The metre of 906-11 is Bacchiac (see p. 11); 924-5 a Trochaic ($2\frac{1}{2}$ feet per line) (but 925 *b* and *c* begin with a Choriambus, – ⏑ ⏑ –); 926—935 Anapaestic (cf. p. 11).

Gripus.

Neptúno has agó gratiás meo patróno, 906
Qui sálsis locís incolít pisculéntis,
Quom méd ex suís pulchre ornátum expedíuit
Templís redducém, plurumá praeda onústum
Salúte horiae, átque in marí fluctuóso
Piscátu nouó me uberí conpotíuit. 911
Nám ego núnc mihí, 924a
Qui ínpigér fuí,
Répperi út pigér
Sí uelim siém.
Hóc ego ín marí,
Quidquíd inest, répperí:
Quidquíd inest, gráue quidémst. 925c

There's gold in it, that I could wager, and no one the secret to share;
Now, Gripus, you've odds in your favour, to be a free man, if you care.
I have it, I'll go to my master, and cunningly—that's the best plan—
I'll offer him cash, just a little, and bargain till I'm a free man.
When I'm free, then I'll get me some acres, a house, aye, and slaves, and such things;
A merchant I'll be with great galleons: they'll call me a King among Kings.
Then just for the sake of diversion, to ape Stratonicus, I'll steer
In a ship of my own round the cities; and when I am fam'd far and near,
A capital lordly I'll build me, and call it King Gripus his Town,
Where I'll rule oer my realm and my subjects, and 'stablish my fame and renown.

[*Enter Trachalio, who picks up the rope.*]

Tr. Ho, there! stay, sir. **Gr.** Wherefore, pray, sir? **Tr.** Till I give your rope a coil.

Aurum híc ego inèsse reór, nec mì conscíus est ùllus homó: nunc haèc
Tibi ŏccásiŏ, Grìpe, optígit ut iàm libérum te dèt populó praetòr.
Nunc síc faciàm, sic cónsiliùmst: ad erúm ueniàm docte átque astù.
Pauxíllatìm pollícitabòr pro cápite argéntum, ut sím libèr.
Iam ubí libèr ero, igitúr demùm mi instrúam agrum atque aèdis, máncipià:
Nauíbus magnìs mercáturàm faciam: ápud regès rex pérhibebòr.
Post ánimi caùsa míhi nauèm faciam átque imitàbor Strátonicùm,
Oppída circùmuectábōr. úbi nobílitas mèa concláruerìt[1],
Oppídum magnùm conmoénibò: ei ego úrbi Grìpo indám nomèn,
Moniméntum méaĕ famae ét factís; ibi régnum màgnum instítu|am. 935

NOTE.—The metre of 938*a*-948*b* is Iambic, in various lengths of line, the first foot being often a dactyl (– ⏑ ⏑). 949-950 are Cretic (cf. p. 11). 951-4 uncertain combinations, mainly anapaestic. 954-962 Anapaestic (cf. p. 11). 963-1042 Trochaics of 7½ feet (cf. p. 29).

Trachalio. Gripus.

Tr. Heus máne. **Gr.** Quid màneam? **Tr.** Dum hánc tibì 938a
Quam tráhis rudèntem cónplicò.
Gr. Mitté modo. **Tr.** At pól ego te ádiuuó:

[1] *Sic scripsi*: erit clara. *Codd. edd.*

Gr. Nay, you've come to the wrong market; yesternight we'd such a gale,
Once for all, young man, I tell you: I've no fish today for sale.
Look! here's in my dripping meshes ne'er a scaly back to see.
Tr. Marry, fish is not my purpose, but a word 'twixt you and me.
Gr. Be you who you may, you're plaguing . . . .
Tr. I'll not let you budge from here.
Gr. Plague upon you! What's your business, dragging me and all my gear?
Tr. Listen. **Gr.** Not a word I'll listen. **Tr.** Faith! you must. **Gr.** Another day.
Tr. Well, it's worth your while to hearken what it is I have to say.
Gr. Say your say, then. **Tr.** Is there no one spying on our tracks, I pray?
Gr. Is it anything touches me near?
Tr. Ay, truly; you'll see, when you hear—
But will it lie safe in your ear?
Gr. O, what is it? Say, do but say—
Tr. Hush, hush! I will tell
If you promise me well
That you'll never the secret betray.
Gr. I pledge you my word: you may trust it to me;
You may trust me, whoever you be.
Tr. Then listen. Once I saw a thief at work,
And knew the owner of the thing he stole;
So straight I sought the thief, and with these terms

Nam bónis quod bène fit, haúd perìt.
Gr. Turbída tempèstas héri fuìt:
Nil hábeo, adulèscens, písciùm:
Ne tú mihi èsse póstulès.
Non uídes refèrre me úuidùm
Reté sine squàmosó pecù?
Tr. Non édepol pìscis éxpetò
Quam tuí sermònis sum índigèns.
Gr. Enícas iam me òdio, quísquis ès.
Tr. Non sínam ego abìre hinc té: manè.
Gr. Caue sís malò: quid tú, malùm, nam mánu me rètrahis? Tr. Aú | di.
Gr. Non aúdio. Tr. At pol qui aúdiès. Gr. Post. Tr. Núnc. Gr. Quin lòquere quíd|uis.
Tr. Ehodum húc modo: òperae prétì|umst
Quod tíbi ego uòlo narrá|re.
Gr. Elóquere quid id est. Tr. Vide, | num
Quispíam consequitur própe | nos.
Gr. Écquid ést quód meá réferát? Tr. Scílicét: 949
Séd boní cónsilí écquid ín té mihíst?
Gr. Quíd negótíst, modo díc. Tr. Dicám, tace, sì fídem modó
Das míhi te nòn fore infí|dum.
Gr. Do fídem tibì:
Fidús ero, quísquis es. Tr. Aúdi.
Furtum égo uidì qui fáciebàt. 954
Norám dominum ìd quoi fíebàt.
Post ád furem ègomet déueniò
Feroque éi condìcionem hóc pactò:
'Ego ìstúc furtùm scio quoí factùmst:
Nunc míhi si uìs dare dímidiùm

No tales to carry.' But he answered nought.
Now, what think you in fairness he should give?
A half, I'd have you say. **Gr.** Nay, more; for else
You should go tell the owner. **Tr.** Thanks; th' advice
Is good. Now mark. All this is *your* concern.
Gr. Mine? How so? **Tr.** Why, the trunk there, in your hand—
I long have known its owner. **Gr.** Say you so?
Tr. Ay, and how it was lost. **Gr.** And I know how 'twas found,
Ay, and who found it, and who owns it now.
This suits your case as much as t'other mine:
I know the trunk's new master, you the old.
None takes it from me. Never dream you can.

W. J. G.

Tr. Well, you shan't take it either, till you name
Some stakeholder or judge, who'll hear the case,
And settle it between us.
Gr. Are you crazy?
Tr. Yes, clean demented. **Gr.** I'm stark raving mad.
Tr. Say one more word, I'll smash your head to pieces!
Gr. Lay but a finger on't, I'll strike you down,
As I would strike an octopus at sea!
Come, will you fight? **Tr.** What need? Let's share the spoil.
Gr. Make no demands from me, young man, unless

Indícium dòmino nón faciàm.'
Is míhi nil ètiam réspondìt.
Quid ĭnde aéquomst dàri mihi? dímidiùm
Volo ŭt dícas. **Gr.** Immo hercle étiam plùs:
Nam nísi dat, dòmino dícundùm
Censéo. **Tr.** Tuo cònsilió faciàm.
Nunc áduorte ànimum: námque hoc òmne attínet ad te
Gr. Quid fác|tumst?
Tr. Vídulum ìstum quóiust nòui ego hóminem iàm pridém. **Gr.** Quid èst? 963
Tr. Ét quo pàcto périit. **Gr.** At ego quó pacto ìnuentúst sciò:
Ét qui inuènit hóminem nòui, et dóminus quì nunc est sciò.
Níhilo pòl plurís tua hòc quam quánti illùd refért meà.
Égo ĭllum nòui quóius nùnc est: tu íllum quòius antehác fuìt.
Húnc homò feret á me nèmo: né tu tè sperés potìs.
Tr. Tu ístunc hòdie nón ferès, nisi dás sequèstrum aut árbitrùm,
Quóius haèc res árbitràtu fíat. **Gr.** Quaèso sánun ès?
Tr. Élleboròsus sum. **Gr.** Át ego cĕrrìtus: húnc non àmittám tamèn.
Tr. Vérbum etiam àdde unúm, iam in cèrebro cólaphos àpstrudám tuò.
Gr. Tánge: adflìgam ad térram te ìtidem ut píscem sòleo pólypùm.
Vís pugnàre? **Tr.** Quíd opust? quìn tu pótius praèdam díuidè.
Gr. Hínc tu nìsi malúm frunìsci níl potès, ne póstules.
Ábeo ego hìnc. **Tr.** At ego hínc offlèctam náuem, ne quo abeás: manè.

Gr. You may be lookout-man, but I'm the helmsman:
Let go the rope, you villain. **Tr.** Yes, if you
Let go the basket.
Gr. Don't you dream of that.
Not one split straw will you get out of me.
Tr. Come, is there anyone you know who lives here?
Gr. My neighbours, naturally. **Tr.** Where do *you* live?
Gr. Oh, far away among those furthest fields.
Tr. Well then, will you agree to this proposal:
Let him who lives in this house here be umpire.
Gr. Slack off the rope a space, while I withdraw
And think it over. **Tr.** Right.
Gr. *(Aside).* Ha! ha! ho! ho!
I win! The booty's mine for ever now.
He's walking straight into my own preserves,
And choosing my own master for his judge.
Ha! ha! I know that good old gentleman;
He'll never judge away a threepenny piece
From his own servant. Ah, my cunning fellow,
You don't know where you are! I'll take that offer.
(Aloud) Well, though I know by right the prize is mine,
I'll take your terms rather than make you fight.
Tr. Ah, now, you answer like a gentleman.

Daemones, Palaestra, Ampelisca, Gripus, Trachalio.

Da. Now, Gripus, pay attention. You, sir, make clear
The claims you're urging Quick! my time is short.
Tr. I've told them once. But if they're still not clear,
I'll speak again. These ladies must be free.
The first was stolen from Athens when a child.
Gr. What's that to do with trunks, I'd like to know,

Gr. Sí tu pròreta ísti nàui's, égo gubèrnatór erò.

Mítte rùdentém, scelèste. **Tr.** Míttam: omìtte uídulùm.

Gr. Númquam hercle hìnc hodié ramènta fíes fòrtunátior

Tr. Écquem in hìs locís nouìsti? **Gr.** Opórtet uìcinós meòs.

Tr. Vbi tu hic hàbitas? **Gr.** Pórro illìc longe úsque in càmpis últumìs.

Tr. Vín qui in hàc uilla hábitat èius árbitràtu fíerì?

Gr. Paúlispèr remítte rèstem, dúm concèdo et cónsulò.

Tr. Fíat. **Gr.** Eùge, sálua rès est: praéda haec perpetuást meà.

Ad meum erum àrbitrúm uocàt me hic íntra praèsepís meàs.

Númquam hercle hòdie abiúdicàbit áb suò trióbolùm.

Ne íste haud scìt quam cóndiciònem tétulerìt: eo ad árbitrùm.

Tr. Quíd igitùr? **Gr.** Quamquam ístuc èsse iús meùm certó sciò,

Fíat ìstuc pótius quàm nunc púgnem tècum. **Tr.** Núnc placès.

Scena II.

Ll. 1102-1111, 1127-1177.—The metre is still the Trochaic of $7\frac{1}{2}$ feet.

Daemones, Palaestra, Ampelisca, Gripus, Trachalio.

Da. Grípe, aduòrte animúm. tu paùcis éxpedì quid póstulàs.

Tr. Díxi equidèm: sed sí parum ìntelléxti, dìcam dénuò.

Hásce ambàs, ut dúdum dìxi, ita ésse opòrtet lìberàs:

Haéc Athènis párua fùit uírgo sùrpta. **Gr.** Díc mihì,

Whether the girls are bondwomen or free?
Tr. I'll not talk out the day, repeating things
To please that rogue.
Da. Cease wrangling, state the facts.
W. S.

Tr. In that trunk you ought to find a casket made of walnut-wood,
In the casket lie the tokens which are all she has to trust
For a clue to find her parents, from whose keeping she was stolen.
With the tokens, long ago, from Athens, as I said just now.
Da. Come now, Gripus, hand the trunk here.
Gr. Well, I'll trust you with it, sir.
Only, if the lady's tokens are not there, you give it back.
Da. Good. **Gr.** Then take it.
Da. Hear, Palaestra, hear me, Ampelisca, too.
Say, does this contain your casket? Is it this you meant? **Pa.** It is.
Gr. Woe is me! She'd hardly seen it when she answered that it was.
Pl. Let me make this puzzling question plain and simple in your eyes.
There should be a wooden casket in the trunk. What there you'll find
I'll declare, and name each object though you show me none of them.
Then, if I have named them rightly, give me back my own. **Da.** 'Tis well.
Tr. To my mind, the purest justice.
Gr. Pure injustice 'tis to mine.
Should she be a fortune-teller or by witch-craft know the whole
Contents of the little casket, shall she get it all the same?
Da. Not unless she tells them fairly; no thought

Quíd id ad uìdulum pértinèt, seruaé sint ìstae an líberaè.

Tr. Ómnia ìterum uís memoràri, scélus, ut dèfiát diès.

Da. Ápstinè maledíctis èt mihi quód rogàui díluè.

Tr. Cístellam ìsti inésse opòrtet caúdeam in ìsto uídulò,

Vbi sunt sìgna quí parèntis nóscere haèc possít suòs,

Quíscum pèriit párua Athènis, sícutì dixí priùs.

Da. Cédo modò mihi ístum uìdulum, Grípe. **Gr.** Còncredám tibi:

Át, si istòrum níl sit, ùt mihi réddas. **Da.** Rèddetúr.

Gr. Tenè.

Da. Aúdi nùnciám, Palaèstra atque Ámpelìsca, hoc quód loquòr:

Estne hic uìdulus, úbi cistèllam túam inĕsse àiebás?

Pa. Is èst.

Gr. Périi hercle ègo misér: uti prìŭs quam pláne aspèxit ílicò

Éum esse dìxit! **Pa.** Fáciam ego hànc rem ex prócliua planám tibì.

Cístellam ìsti inésse opòrtet caúdeam in ìsto uìdulò:

Íbi ego dìcam quídquid ìnerit nóminàtim: tú mihì

Nùllum ostènderís. si fàlsa dícam, frùstra díxerò:

Vós tamen ìstic quídquid ìnerit uóbis òmne habébitìs.

Sí erunt uèra, tum ópsecrò te ut méa mi rèddantúr.

Da. Placèt:

Iús merum òras méo quidem ànimo. **Gr.** Át meo hèrcle iniús merùm.

Quíd, si ista aùt supérstitòsa aut háriolàst atque ómnià

Quídquid ìnerit uéra dìcet, támen habèbit háriolà?

Da. Nón ferèt, nisi uéra dìcet: néquiquam hàriolábitùr.

Sólue uìdulum érgo, ut quìd sit uérum quàm primúm sciàm.

Tr. One for Gripus! **Gr.** There it's loosened.
Pa. Ah! The casket! **Da.** Is this it?
Pa. Certainly. O dearest parents, here I carry you shut up!
In this box my means and prospects of e'er finding you are hid.
Gr. Then i' faith the gods with anger should pursue you, unknown miss,
For so cruelly enclosing parents in so cramped a place.
Da. Gripus, come; 'tis your concern, this. Girl, from there—a good way off—
You must tell what's in the casket,—name and catalogue the whole.
Should you err one jot or tittle, and then try to gloss your words,
My good woman, 'twill be useless; emendations will not wash.
Gr. 'Tis but justice.
Tr. Not *your* justice; you're an unjust knave, I know.
Da. Speak now, girl; and do you, Gripus, just attend and hold your tongue.
Pa. There are childish tokens in it.
Da. Yes, I see them. **Gr.** Plague upon't,
That's the first round gone against me. Stop, don't show them. **Da.** Of what form?
Tell them all in order.
Pa. First a tiny, golden, lettered sword.
Da. Tell me now what are the letters?
Pa. They make up my father's name;—
On the other side a hatchet, tiny, golden like the sword,
Double-edged and lettered also with my mother's name.
Da. Enough!
What's your father's name inscribed upon the sword?
Pa. 'Tis Daemones.

Tr. Hóc habèt! **Gr.** Solútust. **Da.** Àperi. **Pa.** Vídeo cìstellam. **Da.** Haécinèst?

Pa. Ístaec èst. o méi parèntes, hic uos cònclusós gerò:
Húc opèsque spésque uòstrum cógnoscèndum cóndidì.

Gr. Túm tibi hèrcle déos iràtos ésse opòrtet, quísquis ès,
Quaé parèntis tám in angùstum túos locùm conpégerìs.

Da. Grípe, accède huc, túa res àgitur: tú puèlla, istínc procúl
Dícitò quid ínsit èt qua fácie: mèmorato ómnià.
Si hércle tàntillúm peccàssis, quód postèrius póstulès
Te ád uerùm conuórti, nùgas, múlier, màgnas égerìs.

Gr. Iús bonum òras. **Tr.** Édepol haùd tuom órat: nàm tu iniúriù's.

Da. Lóquere nùnciám puèlla. Grípe, animum àduorte ác tacè.

Pa. Súnt crepùndia. **Da.** Écca uìdeo. **Gr.** Périi in prìmo proéliò:
Máne: ne ostènderís. **Da.** Qua fàcie súnt? respònde ex órdinè.

Pa. Énsiculùst auréolus prìmum lítteràtus. **Da.** Dícedùm,
Ìn eo ensìculo lítteràrum quíd est. **Pa.** Meì nomén patrìs.
Póst altrìnsecúst secùricla áncipès, itidem aúreà,
Lítteràta; ibi mátris nòmen ín secùriclást. **Da.** Manè:
Díc, in ènsiculó quid nòmen ést patèrnum. **Pa.** Daémonès.

Da. Di ínmortàles, úbi locì sunt spés meae? **Gr.** Ìmmo edepól meàe?

Tr. Pérgite, òpsecró, contìnuo. **Gr.** Plácide aut ìte in malám crucèm.

Da. What's your mother's name that's written on the axe?

Pa. 'Tis Daedalis.

Da. Heav'n be praised! The gods vouchsafe me preservation.

Gr. Death to me.

Da. This must be my daughter, Gripus!

Gr. So she may, for all I care.

May the gods combined destroy you, who to-day clapped eyes on me,
Curse on me too for not looking round a hundred times or more,
To make sure no one could see me, ere I dragged the net to land.

Pa. After these a tiny sickle and two golden claspéd hands,
Then a pygmy windlass.

Gr. Plague you with your pigs and porkers too.

Pa. Then an amulet which my father gave me on a birthday once.

Da. 'Tis the self-same! I must clasp her in my arms; I can't refrain.
Daughter, daughter! I'm your father, your own father Daemones;
Yes, and Daedalis your mother is within the house you see.

Pa. Father, father I despaired of!

Da. Come! You're held in willing arms.

Tr. Hurrah, hurrah! This happy ending makes amends for past alarms.
Now, sirs, if you like our playing, show it in the usual way;
I invite you all to dinner sixteen twelvemonths from to-day.

W. B. A.

Da. Lóquere mátris nómen hìc quid ín secùriclá sièt.

Pa. Daédalìs. **Da.** Di mé seruàtum cúpiunt. **Gr.** Àt me pérditùm.

Da. Fíliàm meam esse hánc opòrtet, Grípe. **Gr.** Sìt per mé quidèm.

Quí te di òmnes pérdant, quì me hodie óculis uìdistí tuìs,
Méque adeò sceléstum, quì non círcumspèxi céntièns
Príus me nè quis ínspectàret, quám rete èxtraxi éx aqùa.

Pa. Póst sicìlicula árgentèola et dúae conèxae mániculaè,
Súcula— **Gr.** Quìn tu i díerècta cúm sucla èt cum pórculìs.

Pa. Ét bulla aùreást, patèr quam dédit mi nàtalí diè.

Da. Éast profècto: cóntinèri quín conplèctar nón queò.
Fílià mea, sálue: ego ìs sum quí te pròduxí patèr:
Égo sum Daèmonés, et màter túa eccam hic ìntus Daédalìs.

Pa. Sálue, mì pater ínsperàte. **Da.** Sálue: ut te àmplectór lubèns.

Tr. Vólup est quom ìstuc éx pietàte uóstra uòbis cóntigìt.

Spéctatòres, sí uolètis plaúsum fàbulae huíc darè,
Cómissàtum omnés uenìtote ád me ad ànnos sédecìm.

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